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When, after bounding up the staircases, taking two steps at a time, even on the narrow stairway in the turret, I tried his door to find it locked, my disappointment was very great. Turning to the slate that hung at his door to write the happy message upon it, I saw for the first time that he had written in large letters, "Out." And when I took up the pencil to write my message, I noticed further that he had followed this word with others scattered here and there over the slate, and in varied and outré letters. I was startled, as I put the words together, to read:

Out—out are the lights—out all!

What had happened? An apprehension of tragedy, of something terrible came over me. Gathering all my strength I broke open the door. The heavy curtain at the window shut out the light. Only just enough came in from the hall to show me the dim outlines of a form upon the couch. I drew the curtain. The face, pale and motionless upon the pillow; the arm hanging limp from the couch; the empty phial upon the floor—told the story. There still lay open upon its face the book of poems as he had dropped it; and I seemed to hear his voice reading, as he had read the night before:

. . . the play is the tragedy "Man,"
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

NIRVĀNA

*From the Russian of Dimitrie Sergeyevich
Merezhkovsky*

Once more as on Creation's day,
Calm is the blue of Heaven . . .
As if on earth no Pain held sway,
No soul with sin were riven.
I need no love—no glory crave—
Mid hush of fields at dawn
I breathe but as these grasses wave.
Of days gone by—of days unborn—
I take no heed—I reck not aught—
I only feel, as erst of yore,
What joy it is—to have no thought!
What bliss—to yearn no more!